



# The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest newspaper published in Kentucky.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1855.

**Sag Nicht Organization.**—We have on various occasions referred to the Sag Nicht organization, and stated that their oaths and obligations were of the most horrid and blasphemous nature. Some persons affect great dread of the influence of secret political organizations, and will rail and rant by the hour against the American Order, whilst at the same time, they are in full membership—probably officers—of the Sag Nicht associations.—While talking loudly and feelingly about the binding oaths and obligations and wickedness of the "Midnight assassins," "Hindoos," "Christless," "God-forsaken," Americans who do not choose to quietly submit to let foreigners rule the Government of the United States, the same anti-American semi-Papal partisans are under oaths and obligations to oppose every American candidate, and to favor foreigners and Papists; to go to the polls "armed well," to give to Romanists and foreigners the preference at all hazards!" A beautiful set of practicing hypocrites truly!

The Sag Nicht organization, it is said, originated in Newport, Kentucky. It was soon discovered by those in power at Washington City, to be capable of being brought to bear as an effective agent to the Democratic candidates. Agents were immediately sent out from Washington, through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the other States, to organize subordinate societies. The agent for Ohio was a man employed in the State Department, named G. W. Johns. He got into a frolic, and got drunk, in one of the towns whilst fulfilling his mission, and lost some of his letters of instructions. One of these letters reads as follows:

**GREAT IMPORTATION OF CATTLE INTO KENTUCKY.**—R. A. Alexander, of Woodford, Ky., has written a long and most interesting letter to the Ohio Farmer, giving an account of a recent visit to all the short-horn herds of England. From it we learn that before leaving England Mr. A. shipped for this country 48 head of the best of short-horns, and 22 Down sheep. The most of these are for his farm in Kentucky. Mr. Alexander is the largest importer of short-horn cattle in America. Every year he spends several months in England to attend the Local and National Fairs, and find the best animals, which he purchases, no matter at how great cost.

**WHEAT CROP IN OHIO.**—Mr. Charles Cist, of Cincinnati, has written a long letter to the New York Times on the subject of the wheat crop during the present year, and expresses the opinion that it will equal, in Ohio, if it does not exceed, the highest estimates that have been made. At the conclusion of his communication he remarks: "And now, if any heavy flour dealer, who may be interested sufficiently in testing the accuracy of my statements, will pay a fair compensation for my time and traveling expenses, during an exploration through Ohio for three months, and embracing a visit to every county in the State, I will exhibit evidence to the abundant satisfaction of his agent in Cincinnati that the wheat crop of Ohio for 1855 is not less than thirty-six millions of bushels. Failing to do this, I will be at the loss of my time and traveling expenses."

**COL. PRESTON AND THE MISSION TO ENGLAND.**—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:

The proposition to appoint Mr. Louisville Preston Minister to England, is a proof of the anxiety of the President and his advisers to effect a fusion of all parties at the South in support of the Administration. The ostensible reason of extending this compliment to Mr. Preston, is that he is a victim of Know-Nothing intolerance and proscription, and has lost, through their hostility, not only his place in Congress but some of his property. It is curious, too, that while making or showing itself prepared to make this important sacrifice of patronage to policy, it should for the purpose of strengthening its Nebraska platform at the North, have conferred a most distinguished honor upon Wilson Shannon, of Ohio, whose name stands on the public list of a Know-Nothing lodge.

**FIRST DEGREE.—OBLIGATION.**—I. A. B., of my own free will and accord, in the presence of these witnesses, do solemnly promise and swear that I am a member of this association, and that I will not vote for a Know Nothing if I know the same, and that I will vote only for a good Democrat. That I will favor the foreign born and Romanists, thereby gaining their votes as well as good wishes.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not tell any of the secrets of this Order. I furthermore promise and swear to the obligations which we subjoin, the reader may judge for himself, if he can longer act with the party calling itself "Democratic," while its main dependence for success is an organization, secret and oath bound, pledged to favor foreigners and Papists in preference to American citizens. Let us hear no more of their insane railing at the American order;—let them look at themselves and their infamous and traitorous oaths, and forever shut their mouths.

Here are their oaths:

**SECOND DEGREE.—OBLIGATION.**—On taking the second degree, the candidate thus addressed:

Brother, you are now about to take upon yourself the obligation of the Second Degree of this Democratic and truly Catholic Order of Say Nothings, commonly called "Sag Nichts." Place yourself in a situation to receive it—arms crossed upon your breast—eyes raised towards Heaven. Repeat after me that:

OBIGATION.—I. A. B., (pronounce your proper name,) pray that God may strike me with imbecility and madness when I cease to oppose Know Nothingism! May Heaven overwhelm me with its thunders when I cease to hate the order! May the anger of God, Peter and Paul and of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson fall upon me in this world, and be my punishment in the next, if I cease to war upon this self-constituted American party! May the whole universe revolt against me, if I cease to be a regular contributing member of this society! May the earth swallow me up, if I ever vote for a Whig or a Democrat who favors Know Nothingism! And may my flesh be boiled, roasted, beat, and mashed by savages if I stay away from the ballot box on the day of an election, when a Know Nothing is a candidate? So help me God.

**THIRD DEGREE.—OBLIGATION.**—You and each of you, of your own free accord in the presence of Almighty God, and these brethren, with your hands joined together, forming a circle, in token of the affection and oneness of purpose which bind you together—do solemnly swear (or affirm, if you prefer it) that you will never desert this Order or betray any of its secrets, except to those whom you know to be members, after a trial of them; that as third degree men are to be appointed to guard the polls at elections, to see that our

friends are elected, and that you will, when appointed to that duty, take your stand there, with your brethren associated with you, ARMED WELL, and prepared for the worst, keeping it strictly a secret that you are anything more than an idle spectator. The sign to be given to members of the first and second degrees, when our friends are denied justice by the judges in which they are well instructed, is the rubbing of the right eye slightly with the right hand. The indication for COMMENCING HOSTILITIES is the clearing the throat audibly, and wiping the mouth with the right hand. You also promise and swear (or affirm) that you will not give these signs without you see enough of your friends had to render an attack upon the enemy successful.

To all this you pledge your lives, your property and your sacred honors. So help you God, and keep you steadfast.

**MR. JAMES BALDWIN, Esq., proprietor of the Louisville City Foundry, and one of the oldest and most respected citizens of that city died on the 27th ultimo. He was sixty years of age.**

**LICENSES EXPIRING.**—The licenses of many of the coffee-houses are now expiring, and in most cases the proprietors are observing the requirements of the ordinance. Vacant tenements are to be seen on every square, and all is silence now in many places once the scenes of midnight revels. Louisville Courier.

Yes; and the removal of this class of population from Louisville is seized upon by the anti-American press, to found a charge that the foreigners are all removing from Louisville, because of the result of the riots of the 6th ultimo, which they brought upon themselves by assailing undefended and peaceable American citizens.

**ALABAMA.**—The anti-American press of the country boast a great deal of their triumph in Alabama. The returns are nearly in. There is an increase of the vote of the State, since 1853, of 21,977; and the returns show an increase of 10,121 for Winston as compared with his vote of 1853; and an increase of the vote in opposition to him of 11,848. The relative increase being in favor of the American party.

Now look at the revelations made by the Irish females. Here was an Irish girl who proclaimed that her countrymen had been promised help, even more help than they obtained, and that these promises were known to the females. But who made the promises? What were the nature and extent of those promises? For what reason were they not kept? Will these questions ever be answered except at the bar of the Eternal?

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The fatal occurrence was occasioned by an article which appeared in the Democratic columns of the Sierra Citizen, written by Dr. Lippincott, reflecting somewhat severely on the conduct of Mr. Tevis, on Fourth of July, and intimating that his remarks on that day were of a political character, and that they were the occasion of disturbances which afterwards occurred. To this Mr. Tevis replied by a card in this paper, pronouncing the authors of that article "liars and slanders."

A correspondence between the parties followed, with no satisfactory result, terminating with the challenge, and the parties met on Saturday, near Brandy City, fought with double-barrel-guns, at forty paces, and at the first fire Mr. Tevis fell, and expired without uttering a word. The ball entered his left side, about the fourth rib, passed directly through, causing almost instant death. His remains were brought to Downsville on the following day, and were buried under the direction of the Sons of Temperance, followed by the largest funeral cortège ever seen in this county. Mr. Lippincott narrowly escaped death, for the ball of his antagonist passed so close to his head that he staggered, and was thought to be wounded by his second. But the details are too dreadful to speak of farther than necessary. It may, however, be satisfactory to the friends of both parties to know that the principal actors in this terrible tragedy conducted themselves strictly in accordance with the rules of honor; each knew the other's skill, and that certain death awaited the one or both before leaving the ground, yet not a nerve of either trembled. How deadly the aim the reader already knows.

The death of Robert Tevis was directly occasioned by the accursed party spirit which has made men mad. Never in our life have we known such earnest and painful anxiety manifested to settle a difficulty as was shown by many of our best citizens. Friends of the parties offered their mediation, but without effect. After they had failed to settle the quarrel, five influential citizens met in secret council, summoned the seconds before them, and induced them to admit two mutual friends as mediators, and the conference broke up, leaving the seconds and mediators together, with the confident expectation that the matter would be settled without bloodshed; but again resort was had to other friends, the principals left town clandestinely, and the result is known.

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Henri F. Middleton, Editor and Proprietor

*Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me,) not a man, I suppose, ought to be so conceited as to think he could, with safety, live under our most benevolent of a republican government. Washington.*

*It is the right of every man to be his own American.—Jackson.*

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1855.

MEMORANDUM  
Of Sales, advertised in the *Shelby News*, and by bills  
printed at the *News*.

AT PUBLIC SALE.

Sept. 17. A tract of Land by H. Bohannon, as  
Commissioner.

Sept. 6. A large lot of Bloody Battle by J. B. Payne,  
of Fayette county.

Sept. 6. Personal Property of T E Raeford, dec'd

September 13. A set of Real and Personal Prop-  
erty of Jas. McBrayer, dec'd of Anderson county.

See add.

AT PRIVATE SALE:

Farm, by N. C. Beckman.

For Wm. M. Davis.

Twenty acres, and 400 acres of wood land, by W.

M. Wells.

The fine Residence of Mrs. Lane, in Shelbyville.

The Farm of Col. S. Todd. See advertisement.

Residence of J. W. George. See add.

Residence of W. H. Jones. See add.

Farm in Woodford.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Death Card. Dr. A. E. Griffin, recently in co-

partnership with D. S. C. Ross, dec'd has, since

Dr. R. S. death, opened an office over G. T. Moore's

Drug Store. See card.

Notice. See the notice of Thos. Ford.

Telegraph. See the notice under this head.—By

the way, Mr. Christopher is one of the cleverest Op-

erators afloat.

Fire. See the notice of the President of the Re-

lief Fire Company.

Louisville Clothing Establishment. See the ad-

vertisement of J. M. Armstrong, Wholesale and Re-

Tailor Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, at Louisvile.

Mr. Armstrong is one of the cleverest and most  
business men in Louisville, and can fit you in the

most fashionable style, from hat to strap, besides

throwing in a carpet bag, to carry your old clothes

in hand.

Sales. Our readers are referred to the several ad-

vertisements in today's paper, a subscriber, Resi-

dence, Farms and Stock for sale. We have no  
room to notice each very. Let it suffice to say

that the property is all very desirable.

See add.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Read all the special notices.

Leaving.—The Louisville Democrat re-

commends the anti-Americans of Frank-

fort to leave that place,—to remove to some

propitious location. We presume the ad-

vice is being taken, and the exodus com-  
menced, as we see it announced that J. H.

Johnson, late of the "Yeoman," has remov-

ed to Lexington, to assume the editorial

charge of the "Statesman." The loss to

Frankfort of a few more such men would

be its decided gain.

THE Sag-Nicht obligations we pub-

lish on the second page, our readers may

rely upon as being correct. The "Louis-

ville Courier" sometime since announced

the establishment of a lodge of the order in

Louisville, and the initiation into it of John

O. Bullock and John C. Noble, Editors

of the "Louisville Times."

Fool Frankfort!—The anti-American

party have declared war upon Frankfort!

They have called a Mass Convention; and,

at the suggestion of the "Louisville De-

mocrat," have designated Lexington as the

place, and the 5th of October as the time,

for the assemblage to convene. The De-

ocrat had Frankfort proscribed, because

that great and awful creation-of-fancy—

"the clique,"—resides there! And, as the

Convention is to number two hundred and

and fifty thousand! and would expend the

enormous sum of six thousand dollars—three

cents and one-fourth of which might find its

way into the capacious maw of "the clique,"

the unfeigned must meet some place else

at which to spend their two cents each!

What a terrible blow this will be at Frank-

fort! We sincerely sympathise with the

good people of that doomed city! Some

means will have to be used by them, to

appease the manes of the departed anti-

American party.

Just stop it!—For some weeks back, our

exchanges have been circulating a brief par-

agraph, stating that "the cholera had ap-

peared in Shelbyville, Kentucky; but had

soon disappeared." Knowing that there

was no cholera here, and had not been;

and supposing that Shelbyville, Indiana,

was intended, we paid no attention to the

paragraph. But, it seems the tale has, like

a snow ball, gathered size as it travelled;

and on Saturday last, we were somewhat

startled on reading in an exchange the fol-

lowing announcement:

CHOLERA.—There were forty deaths of

cholera in Shelbyville, Ky., during the last

three weeks.

Forty deaths in Shelbyville within three

weeks! from cholera, too! and we never

hear the first word of it! Verily, we will

have to go away from home to hear what

is transpiring at home! Out of a popula-

tion of some 2,000, forty deaths, in three

weeks, and no person in town knew of it!

It is strange!—passing strange!

There is not one word of truth in the

report. There has not been a death from

cholera in our town this summer; and but

one case,—some two weeks ago, a gentle-

man came here from Lawrenceburg suffer-

ing under a severe attack of cholera.—He

has recovered and left us. And that was

the only case of the disease in our village.

So hope our exchanges will stop circu-

lating the false report about cholera in this

town. There are at our Schools some

three hundred young ladies from a distance

—from far Southern and Western States;

and such monstrous falsehoods are calcu-

lated to render the minds of parents and

friends unhappy. But for this fact, we

should not have deemed the report worth

a contradiction.

Will our brethren of the press state,

that there is not and has not been, with the

single exception above named, any cholera

in Shelbyville, Ky., this season; and that

the town is entirely free from sickness.—

There is not, to our knowledge, a single

case of sickness in the town.

We learn by a letter from Vicksburg, that one or two cases of yellow fever have occurred there.

Rev. John Miller.—This gentleman, we see, has consented to take charge, as President, of a flourishing Male and Female Seminary, at Urbana, Illinois; and we learn is making arrangements to remove to that State. For some three or four years Dr. M. was the Pastor of the Methodist E. Church in this place, and in this county. As a clergyman, as a Physician, as a Christian, as a man, he was highly esteemed. It was our fortune to become personally intimate with him, and though his calling has since removed him to distant fields of labor and usefulness, our intercourse has been kept up by correspondence. We regret our State is to lose him.

President Pierce in the Ring.—President Pierce is on a visit to the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. Last Saturday he held a public reception and made a political speech; denouncing the American party in terms of opprobrium. Well, let him go ahead; let him denounce the Americans and fawn upon the foreigners. He is an Abolitionist; and feels a sympathy and attachment to those who are the natural allies of the Free Soilers and Abolitionists. No wonder all the holders of office under the administration are prominent electioneers. Like master, like men.

Gatting for the Fairs.—The Board of Managers of the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad Company have passed the following resolution, in reference to the transportation of stock for exhibition at the Louisville and Lexington Fairs: "Resolved, That this company will carry any way stock and articles intended for exhibition at the Southwestern Agricultural Association, to be held at Louisville, and at Eminence, free of charge, permitting the necessary attendants to accompany stock on freight trains without charge; the fair each way to be prepaid, and a receipt signed by the proper person, exhorting this company from all damage or accident to such stock, articles or attendants, while being put off or on the cars, or during their trip. Said fare, so prepaid, to be returned when proper certificate from said association or fair is presented to the agent receiving the same, that such stock or articles were actually exhibited at said fair.

Edward D. Hobbs, President.

Wild Assertion.—A writer in the "Louisville Courier" of Thursday last, under the cognomen "No Sectarian," makes this assertion: "The first dawning of political religion in our State may be traced to a speech, delivered by the Hon. Garrett Davis, in the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky in 1849."

Now, this assertion is a very wild one. Does "No Sectarian" not know, that the same kind of "political religion" enunciated by Mr. Davis in his speech in the Constitutional Convention, in 1849, was taught and advocated by the "Louisville Courier," in the fall of 1844, and during the succeeding years?

McDavis' speeches were but the reiteration of the principles which had begun in 1838 to form the basis of a political American movement, intended to preserve our institutions from foreign influence, and to protect our Government from being controlled by the alien and papal voters. Their is no "political religion" in the case, except so far as Papists and Infidels chose to array themselves against the American party, because the United States is essentially and peculiarly a Protestant nation; and the success of Americanism will forever place it beyond and above the attempts of the Jesuits and Infidels to subvert it.

More Impudence.—We have been informed from a source entitled to the highest credit, that the Clique of Frankfort Know Nothings have addressed circulars to the Democratic members of the order, who have been elected to the Legislature, commanding them not to commit themselves to vote for any candidates for offices of the House or Senate, until they reach Frankfort. When they arrive, they will then be informed who are the Know Nothing candidates.

The above is going the round of the anti-American press, notwithstanding the Frankfort Commonwealth gives it a flat-footed denial. With the anti-American papers, a well known and highly commendable, when finished, it will be one of the prettiest Cemeteries in the West.

A Nut to fess Over.—On Friday last the "Louisville Democrat" published the following detectable tale: "Cowardly.—The Catholic priest of New Albany has lately received three anonymous letters warning him that the church would be attacked and burned. The first two he paid no attention, but the third named the night on which the attack was to be made. He took it to the Mayor of the city, showed it to him, and asked what he was to do; the Mayor replied that he did not know—that he could do nothing. The priest is a Frenchman. He told the Mayor that the church was his property, and he intended to defend it. So when night came—last night—he went to the church, having with him a double-barrel shotgun, and accompanied by some half dozen Irishmen. They waited till towards midnight, when a body of men came up. Before they had time to make an attack, he went and asked them what they wanted. Their only reply was a shower of stones at his door. The Hards have held their convention, and nominated their ticket. Their resolutions are demonstrative of hostility to all the other parties of the day; but to the right and left bowers of the Administration, in New York, the Custom House Officials and the Free-Soil Van Buren and Preston King Democracy, they give especial thunder. They do not endorse the Nebraska-Kansas law; but recommend that it should be maintained now as it is the law of the land. They are rather opposed to the American order, because of its secret meetings, and its opposition to the aliens exercising the right of suffrage. Yet they endorse fully the 12th section—the slavery plank of the National party in New York are deploying into line, and arming for the ensuing fall campaign, which terminates in the election, the first Tuesday of Nov. The Black Republicans are endeavoring to have a fusion of all other parties upon them. The Soft Democrats want a union between themselves and the Hards, upon the anti-slavery principle. Theirs is the only political religion in the case, except so far as Papists and Infidels chose to array themselves against the American party, because the United States is essentially and peculiarly a Protestant nation; and the success of Americanism will forever place it beyond and above the attempts of the Jesuits and Infidels to subvert it.

Now, this detection is a very wild one. They are collecting up the delinquent taxes; have appointed a Father; purchased a barrel of "old Bourbon," and a dozen boxes "Fabre de Tabacos;" are thinking of doing a Market House, after the plan of "parson" and are talking about a new road to "cow hunting." Parson go out every night or two and bring back a bag full of "water-melons."

CLUBS ARE TRUFFLE!—is a cry heard every night on Main street. Next day boys' eyes look heavy. What does it mean? Probably some one under magisterial influence.

# The Garland.

## LET ME SING TO-NIGHT, MOTHER!

We give below, says the Albany Argus, the words of a charming song, which has been put to music by Mr. TRAVER, of this city, and which the music and great words of the song is well worthy the music and words, that the words cling to memory without effort:

Oh, let me sing to-night, mother,  
That singing I used to sing;  
When hope was bright, and my heart was light  
As a bird upon the wing!  
I know thou'lt miss the voice, mother,  
That warbled with the strain,  
But let me sing to-night, mother,  
The song she loved so well.

I know 'twill sing and thoughts, mother,  
The tears may fall like rain;  
For the song is fair, young face  
Then 'er' not 'm'st see each tear, mother,  
But I'd have them seen each, mother,  
Back to its secret cell,  
And let me sing to-night, mother,  
The song she loved so well.

It will bring bright dreams to my heart, mother,  
Bright dreams of the jovous past,  
With hope all radiance, mother,  
I know the light grows dim, mother,  
But still I fondly cling,  
To the bright dreams that come back, mother,  
With the song I used to sing.

As I sing that song of joy, mother,  
Fath uplaid its eyes—

Towards the land of rest, mother,  
Where ties that strong bind, mother,  
May 'er' not rive in twain;

Where tears are dried, and the heart, mother,  
May never know sorrow again.

Then let me sing to-night, mother,  
That dear old song of old;

And pray when I sleep at last, mother,  
Our spirit may meet me or, to part, mother,

Where Heav'n-born music ring,  
And our voices be mingled there, mother,

With the song the angels sing.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WIFE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The treasures of the deep are so precious,

As are the conceal'd comforts of a man

Locked up in woman's heart. I see the air

That 's full of mystery, and the earth is forth-

The violet bed's not sweet.

MURDER.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverse of fortune.—

Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while trudging the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to the comfort and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshaking firmness, the bitterest blast of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshiny, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with a caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the wounded heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you better lot," said he, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to recover than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend on him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and neglect; to find himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fail to ruin like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was a witness. My intimate friend Leslie had married a beautiful girl who had been brought up in the midst of a fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the "sister-life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced in harmonious combination; he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which she gazed upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight, and how, in the midst of applause, her eyes would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance.—

When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doled on his lovely burden for its helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embroiled his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself almost reduced to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eye of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stilled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She task'd all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness, but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched.

A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched in sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and

related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, do n't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness."

"And why not?" says I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it will feel undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but my friend! if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been all day in arranging its miserable equipment—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has

not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it will feel undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her prospects—how I am to strike over very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society! Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? I have stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright smile glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footprint was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh blossom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them; and we have such excellent cream; and everything is so sweet and still here!" said she, putting her arm within his and looking up brightly in his face. "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms around her; he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that, though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life is a scene of them; and we have such excellent cream; and everything is so sweet and still here!"

"And believe me, my friend," said I, "I could go down with her into poverty and the dust—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, "I could go down with her into poverty and the dust—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!"

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!"

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